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A

COLLECTION

OF

Original Valentines.

VALENTINE.

MY dearest, when your form I first survey'd,
Each roving thought to you their homage paid;
I felt a passion in my bosom move,
My heart throb'd fast, and whisper'd it was love.
A mingled tumult ran through all my frame,
The secret spark burst out into a flame;
Your hand alone the yielding balm can pour,
Which scarce with falt'ring lips I dare implore.
Knew you how fond I doat upon your name,
My constant thought by day, my nightly dream
Knew you how fix'd my passion, and how true,
You'd live for him who hourly dies for you.

ANSWER.

To love and be lov'd in return,
Was all that I wish'd for on earth;
True love in my bosom doth burn,
As I really am proud of your worth.

VALENTINE's DAY.

Hail, Valentine! at thy appoach benign,
Profuse of gems, the bosom of the earth,
Her fragrant stores unfolds; the fields rejoice
And in the infancy of beauty smile.
Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Quick o'er the soft-ning soul the gentle gales
Of spring, awaking bliss, instinctive, move
The ardent youth to breathe the sighs of faith
Into the virgin's heart, who sick of love,
With equal fires, and purity of truth,
Consenting blushes while she chaunts thy praise.

VALENTINE.

Sent with a pair of garters.

Blush not my fair, at what I send,
'Tis a small present from a friend;
These garters made of silken twine,
Were fancied by your Valentine;
The motto dictated by love,
Is simply—think on what's above.
Then to my suit your ear incline,
My ever charming Valentine.

ANSWER.

Dear Valentine, though some old prude,
Perhaps might think your meaning rude,
And rail at meetings which they make,
Yet gladly would a lover take,
I do admire a decent jest,
When with good humor 'tis express'd;
So to your wishes I incline,
And take you for my Valentine.

VALENTINE.

Now the warm human bosom melts to love,
The poet now awakes his tuneful lyre;
By running streams, to in the laurel grove,
He tunes to amorous notes his sounding wire
And all is harmony, and all desire.
The happy numbers charm the blooming maid,
Her blushing cheeks declare her heart on fire,
She now consents, then shuns th' enbowering shade,
With faint reluctance yields, desirous, yet afraid.

VALENTINE.

From a young Lady to her Sweetheart.

As oft, dear youth! thy pleasing form appears,
I stretch my arms and wake dissolv'd in tears,
Yet waking fancy all that bliss supplies,
And still I view thee with a lover's eyes.
Entranc'd in thought o'er all thy charms I gaze,
See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
Hang on thy hand, or on thy breast reclin'd,
Play with thy locks that waver in the wind;
Joy in thy joy, or in thy sorrows join,
Thy sympathizing faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE.

Hail, innocence! celestial maid!
What joys thy blushing charms reveal,
Sweet as the arbor's cooling shade,
And milder than the vernal gale,
On thee attends a radiant choir,
Soft smiling peace and downy rest;
And love that prompt, the warbling lyre,
And hope that soothes the throbbing breast.
Soft as in Delia's gentle breast,
Let each consenting passion move;
Let angels watch its silent rest,
And all its blissful dreams be love!

CUPID IN ARMS!

By the side of a stream that strays thro' the grove,
I met in a ramble the blithe god of love;
His bow o'er his shoulder was carelessly tied,
His quiver in negligence clank'd at his side;
A handful of arrows he held to my view,
Each wing'd with a feather of different hue.
This fledg'd from the eagle, he smiling begun
I aim at the heart that no dangers will shun.
And this from the peacock, all gaudy array'd,
The breast of Sir Fopling is sure to invade.
When I aim at the prattler who talks void of wit,
My shaft in the plume of a parrot will hit;
And when I've a mind that the jealous should smart,
I pierce with an owl-feather'd arrow his heart.
For the youth in whom truth and fondness reside,
From the breast of a dove my dart is supply'd
This I value the most,——'twas this that I found,
For you my dear Valentine, gave me the wound.

VALENTINE.

What I present, sweet girl approve,
They well deserve who well design:
Then may this trifle speak the love
Of thy enamor'd Valentine.

VALENTINE.

How cruel, alas! is the fate,
Which unkindly our fortunes divide:
How cheerless and wretched that state,
Where ev'ry fond hope is denied.
Fate whispers my youth in the ear,
If he will in constancy join:
I before the ensuing year,
Will be his true Valentine.

VALENTINE.—*To Miss*——.

The charms which blooming beauty shows,
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt compare.

With semblance apt; for ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.
But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd,
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind;
When charms like these, dear maid, conspire,
Thy person to improve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.
Beyond the reach of time or fate,
Those graces shall endure,
Still like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

VALENTINE.

My pretty dear, your numerous charms,
Have wak'd my heart to love's alarms;
Your bright looks and shining hair,
Taper waist and graceful air;
These long since have made me prove,
All th' excess of fondest love;
So think what I send you here,
As a Valentine, my dear,
Is a token of love's fire,
Which shall but with life expire.

ANSWER.

You tell me pretty things, I own,
But do you write such things to me alone?
Methinks your passion not so fierce should be,
Since you so long could hide its force from me.
The Valentine's a compliment we know,
Which men in sport full often will bestow;
But giving hearts more serious must appear,
And those who would exchange oft pay too dear;
I do not to this barter now incline,
And so farewell, my loving Valentine.

TRUE BEAUTY.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze,
Disputes the palm with beauty's queen;
Nor beauty's queen demands such praise,
Devoid of virtue if she's seen.
But the soft tear in pity's eye,
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams;
And the sweet blush of modesty,
More beauteous than the ruby seems.

TO FANCY.

Canst thou restore that golden hour,
When young joy wav'd his laughing wing?
When first in Ellen's rosy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow sincere, devoid of guile!
While Delia in her panting breast,
With sighs the tender thought suppress
And look'd as angels smile.
O goddess of the crystal flow,
That dwell'st the golden meads among,
Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
Whose murmurs melodize my song!
Oh! yet those gleams of joy display,
Which bright'ning glow'd in fancy's ray,
When near thy lucid urn reclin'd,
The Dryad nature bar'd her breast,
And left in naked charms impress'd,
Her image on my mind.

VALENTINE.

Tho' wanton love the breast embroil,
In many a wile, and care, and pain;
Who would not pleas'd pursue the toil,
A faithful heart at last to gain?
The trembling hopes, the anxious fears,
The pleasing pains which love inspires,

Each trouble past the bliss endears,
And helps to fan the guiltless fires.
This well-drawn heart shall e'er retain
The name to love and friendship dear,
While in my own your charms remain
In glowing colors painted there.

VALENTINE.

Last night I saw you at the play,
And there you stole away my heart,
I do not ask it back again,
But beg of your's a part.
For who can suffer such a loss,
And meet with no return?
The flame you've kindled in my breast,
Must ever, ever burn.

VALENTINE.

What can I say, or how impart
The soft emotions of my heart?
Since all on love are bent this day,
Let you and I no more delay;
But to the church and make you mine,
Thus craves your constant Valentine.

ANSWER.

Your offer, Sir, I can't refuse,
Since of all men, 'tis you I chuse;
But give me leave awhile to tarry,
I really am too young to marry.

VALENTINE.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd;
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

VALENTINE.

Every pleasure has its end,
To lose it were a crime,
And so has life, you may depend,
Then let's not waste our prime;
Love, bids us on this festive morn
Select for life a friend,
Then let us affectation scorn,
And to his will attend.
Write *yes*, lest speaking it should breed confusion,
And to my love sick fears make a conclusion.

VALENTINE.

My love does all females excel,
No beauty with her's can compare,
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.

VALENTINE.

From a Sailor.

Hoist every sail to the breeze!
The speed of my vessel improve,
I have done with the toils of the seas,
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

VALENTINE.

How oft, my fair one, hast thou said,
Nor canst thou the dear truth disown,
Thou wouldst not change thy constant love
To be the partner of a throne.

VALENTINE.

Love holds the golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and
earth, and main.

VALENTINE.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art
And her eyes she did enslave;
But her constancy's so weak,
That my tender heart would break
She's so wild and apt to wander,
Should we live one day asunder.

VALENTINE.

Dear Betty, with pleasure I send you a letter,
Had it been in my power it should have been
better;
'Tis Valentine's day, so pray be kind-hearted,
And let no objection against me be started.

VALENTINE.

What mortal can see you, and scape from the
dart,
So well pointed and aimed from the eyes to
the heart;
Since mine is so wounded, no other can cure,
O say, will you leave me my pains to endure?
Or will you in pity consent to be mine,
Who is wretched for ever unless your Valen-
tine.

ANSWER.

To one who will study to merit your favor,
By constant regard to a virtuous behavior;
No mortal on earth shall be found half so true,
If you love me, my dearest, as I'll be to you.

VALENTINE.

Hail, dear charming blooming fair,
Henceforth thou shalt be my care,
Henceforth from those honest arms,
I'll protect thee with all harms;
Then of me don't be afraid,
Come and dwell with me, dear maid,

VALENTINE.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose:
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zepher blows;
Refreshing as descending rains,
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

VALENTINE.

Life without love is load, and time stands still,
What we refuse to love to death we give,
And then, then only, when we love we live.

VALENTINE.

Whether Stella's eyes are found,
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round;
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at other's woe,
If her easy air express
[illegible] worth, or soft distress,
[illegible]a's eyes, and air, and face,
[illegible]m with undiminish'd grace.

VALENTINE.

Come live with me and be my love,
And thou shalt all the pleasures prove,
That hill or valley, grove or field,
Or all the craggy mountains yield.

ANSWER.

Swains I scorn who nice and fair,
Shiver at the morning air;
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the man that's made for me.

VALENTINE's DAY.

The sun in gentle lustre shone,
The morning put its beauties on ;
The warblers sung in livelier strain,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
When love, a soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd, to the nymph away !
For this is nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
The verdant mead he instant pass'd,
And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
Where beauty slept and silence reign'd,
Awake, my fair ! the shepherd cries,
To new born pleasure ope thine eyes ;
Arise, my Sylvia, haste away,
For this is nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright,
As Phoebus in meridian light,
Entranc'd in rapture all confess'd,
The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast ;

Then gazing with a speaking eye,
He snatch'd a kiss and heav'd a sigh;
A melting sigh, that seem'd to say,
'Tis Valentine's auspicious day.

A crimson glow warm'd oer her cheeek,
She look'd the things—she dar'd not speak;
Consent own'd nature's soft command.
And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand,
His dancing heart in transports play'd,
To church he led the blushing maid:
Then blest the happy morn so gay,
Which made their life a holiday.

TO LOVE.

Oh, Love! thy universal power!
Sweet charmer of life's varied hour!
Hail, hail to thee and all thy train,
Hope, rapture, peace, and pleasing pain.

VALENTINE.

The woodbine sweet and turtle dove.
Are types of chaste and faithful love;
Ah, were such peace and truth but mine,
I'd gladly be your Valentine.

VALENTINE.

No nymph that trips the verdant plain
Can with my love compare
She gains the heart of every swain,
And rivals all the fair,
The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
While summer seasons roll,
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give summer to the soul.
The am'rous youths her charms pro
From morn to eve their tale
Her beauty and unspotted fame
Make vocal every gale;

The stream meandring through the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys,
And every name and every reed
Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome nymph and swain,
To mirthful wake resort;
Nor on this morn along the plain,
Advance in rural sport:

No more shall flow the tuneful rill,
Nor music wake the grove,
The flocks look snow-like on the hill,
When I forget to love.

LOVE IMMORTAL.

Oh, [illegible] his sister fair the soul,
Sweet [illegible]n from heaven together came;
Hail, [illegible]e universe controul,
Hope, [illegible] seasons lose their name:
[illegible] shall own his pow'r,
[illegible]nd death shall be no more.